THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVIII. YEAR. NOVEMBER, 1902. No. 11.

A PILGRIMAGE BEYOND AURIESVILLE.

THERE are three places near Auriesville which the supreme importance of the site of the actual martyrdom itself may, perhaps, cause us to lose sight of. They are the spring of Catherine Tegakwitha, and the two stations of Andagaron, and Tionnontoguen. The two latter were Indian villages west of Auriesville where the captives were taken from time to time to be exhibited to the savages who were settled there and to be tortured in whatever manner the wild Indian fury might suggest.

If you leave Auriesville and journey westward along the wooded high-way under the shadows of the rising hills on your left, you come, after a mile or two, to what is called the River-road, which crosses the canal at this point and runs close to the Mohawk through the fertile low lands which stretch for miles up and down the valley. It soon brings you to the bridge which spans the river between Fultonville and the little town of Fonda. At the end of the bridge, to your right on the Fonda side, you will pass the old hotel that once was a famous hostelry in its day, but which, because of the gruesome tales of murder connected with it, was abandoned and allowed to fall into decay, but is now occupied, in part, by the families of Italian laborers who apparently have no fear of ghosts, or whose ignorance of English has happily debarred them from knowledge of local history. Continue on through the principal street, and you pass the diminutive Catholic church perched half-way up a slope on the roadway in a position which seems to preclude any further enlargement. Further on is the structure called the Opera House where the principal meetings of the townspeople are held; the appearance of the edifice being in singular opposition to its ambitious name. Around the depot is the usual agglomeration of hotels, rather

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excessive one would fancy in such a small place and suggestive that the name Fonda, which signifies hotel, is not inappropriate in the present instance. From this point starts the electric road to Johnstown, the place named after the most conspicuous personality in these regions, subsequent to the time of the missions and just prior to the Revolution, Sir William Johnson.

Outside of the town you cross the Cayudutta Creek, which just here issues from the valley towards which we are directing our steps. Crossing the bridge we immediately find ourselves climbing a steep ascent, and see on our left a wide sweep of the river beneath us. There are numbers of comfortable farm houses and elegant residences on the side on which we are, but the south bank of the river towards which we now look, begins to pile up in loftier hills and only here and there through its dark pine woods a dwelling or a farm reveals itself in the occasional clearing.

About a mile beyond Fonda, when well up on the hills, you turn abruptly to your right on a narrow farm-road, a trespass to which the good-natured owner, whose house is close to the highway, apparently has no objection. Within a few hundred feet is a deep gully, going down almost perpendicularly through gigantic trees and tangled undergrowth, till it reaches the river-bottoms below, a distance of perhaps two hundred feet. Almost at the top of this ravine is a spring so copious that a wooden reservoir, now somewhat dilapidated, but still carefully covered over, has been constructed to catch the flow of water. Down deeper another stream gushes rapidly from between the roots of a towering tree. This second stream meets the first after a little distance, and together they flow down into the creek at the foot of the gorge. This is the spring to which the tradition of the neighborhood has attached the name of Tegakwitha.

If you have courage enough to clamber down the deep descent and then to creep around up the hillside to your right, clinging to saplings to aid your ascent, you will find yourself on a high, spur-like projection, which juts far out and commands a full view of the secluded valley, running north and south. It is invaded now by the electric railway that leads to Johnstown, but in the days when the Iroquois had driven their enemies from the northern bank of the Mohawk and were able to settle here, this valley must have afforded an excellent shelter for the scattered Indian[illegible]u would scarcely detect it when standing on

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the other bank of the river, but if you know where to look for it you can discover the mouth of the Cayudutta Creek, where the stream finds its way through the still tall river-grass on the banks of the Mohawk; and by that way the Indians found an entrance to their valley much easier than the one we followed.

The hill-top to which we had climbed for a view of the scene is, because of the circuit we had been compelled to make, only a few steps from the top of the ravine, into which we had descended before in search of the spring; and, going back to the road by which you had entered the farm, you can look down into it again, but you first have to walk cautiously along the side of a great excavation which is being made in the hill-side for the excellent building sand which is found there. The sand pit is so close to the spring that the possibility suggests itself of the spring soon disappearing and remaining only as a memory for pious pilgrims.

Retracing our steps towards Fonda, in order to recross the Mohawk, for there is no bridge to the west nearer than Canajoharie, we find ourselves once more on the Auriesville side of the river. There is a break in the hills opposite Fonda, or rather a little above that point, and then the road begins to be absolutely shut in on one side, leaving only the river and the northern bank for the eye to rest upon. The scene becomes more and more beautiful as we journey on, the river growing wider in some places than it is farther down the stream, the canal following it faithfully, either running straight through long stretches of the country or winding where the hills drive the water out of its direct course through the valley. It would not be noticed by the traveller, but above Fonda the Mohawk takes a decided bend towards the south, and so permitted the savages, who were always on the alert, to command a long view of the waterway, which doubled in on itself when it approached, as in this instance, the places which the Indians chose for their fortresses.

We are now at the station of Andagaron, about seven miles from Auriesville. We have travelled along, if not the exact road followed by Father Jogues, at least in the same direction, and, as it is the shortest, it is probably the same. At the present time, especially in the autumn, when the foliage is changing its color, the scene is one of constantly changing beauty; but though the same river and hills and woods are still there, it is doubtful if the poor victims of those days saw it as we do now.

They had just run the gauntlet at Auriesville, or Ossernenon,

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as it was called. Father Jogues had already one of his fingers eaten off. René Goupil, who was with him, had suffered a similar mutilation; they both had been slashed with knives and beaten with clubs; had been covered with hot ashes as they lay fastened to the earth, and were dripping with blood from head to foot. We do not know who were there with Father Jogues besides Goupil, except the heroic Couture, who was particularly marked out for torture because of his courage. Two Indians, Joseph and Eustace, are also mentioned, but there were several others who were tortured with them. An Indian named Theodore had escaped, but died of his wounds before he reached the French. It was this group of almost dying men who were driven by their savage captors up to Andagaron after the monsters at Auriesville had been satiated.

We have a record of that first journey: "My jailer, says Father Jogues, afraid that he might lose the chance of securing my shirt, took it from me. He made me start on my march in this exposed state with nothing on me, but a pair of wretched old drawers. Finally he took pity on me and gave me a piece of old canvas which was enough to cover my shoulders and part of my back; but my festering wounds could not stand this rough, coarse texture."

When they reached the village the same torture was repeated as at Ossernenon. "Though it is contrary to custom to make prisoners run the gauntlet more than twice yet they were not spared, and a refinement of cruelty was added. As the crowd was smaller the executioners could take better aim. They struck particularly the shin bones covering the legs with bruises and causing acute pain." The prisoners remained two days and two nights in the village; by day on the pillory, exposed to every sort of insult and ill-treatment; at night in a cabin at the mercy of the children.

It is this glorious journey which makes this road from Auriesville to Andagaron so sacred. The exact position of the old village is rather difficult to indicate for there is nothing striking in the surrounding landscape to serve as a mark for the traveller, except that it is about opposite a peculiar house on the north bank of the Mohawk, known as the house of the Seven Gables. To the west of the village just as one remarks in Auriesville is the creek which is of little consequence now and is not designated by any name on General Clarke's map, nor is any known to the people thereabout.

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Six or seven miles further up the stream lies the other settlement of Tionnontoguen to which the captives were carried after the tortures of Andagaron. This is really the most beautiful part of the journey, and perhaps the most romantic portion of the Mohawk valley, with the exception, it may be, of Little Falls, which has an attraction all its own and quite different from what is found in this part of the river. The hills on either side begin to loom up high, here and there, presenting rocky formations which resemble titanic fortresses with great parapets and projecting bastions arranged with such regularity as almost to suggest the hand of art. The enormous height of these masses of rock of course precludes any such possibility, but the way these mighty castles suddenly obtrude themselves high up the mountain side, appearing suddenly out of a gloomy forest of pines, is something that even one not given to romancing cannot easily forget.

As we approach this last station, the river suddenly seems to stop at the base of the two great promontories which project from either side of the river. It reminds one of those features of landscape which are continually presenting themselves to the traveller on the Hudson. For a military engineer who would wish to command the entire valley below, this would appear, were a layman to suggest it, an almost impregnable position.

Our journey, always on the south bank of the Mohawk, leads around one of these mountains, and we arrive at last at the little village now known by the scarcely poetic appellation of Sprakers, but in the times to which our memory is reverting, Tionnontoguen.

The same welcome awaited Father Jogues and his companions as in the village below. It is amazing how he absolutely forgot his own sufferings. As he mounted the platform to be tortured, he met there four Hurons who were condemned to death. He talked to them; succeeded in converting them, and "with the few drops of water which the rain had left on the grains of corn given them for food baptized them."

It was here that Couture lost some of his fingers. Besides the other sufferings Father Jogues signalizes the torture all of them had to undergo at the hands of the younger Indians at night. "They suspended me by my arms with bark ropes from two posts raised in the centre of the cabin. I thought they were going to burn me, for such is the posture usually given to those

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who are condemned to the stake." He owed his relief from this torture to a strange Indian who happened to come upon the scene. Without uttering a word he approached the sufferer and cut the cords. No one dared oppose him. Two days were spent in this village.

Tionnontoguen is easily identified. It is near the railway station, and every one knows it. A short distance up from the river is Iroquois Knoll, where arrow-heads and other Indian relics are easily found. The topography is strikingly like that of Auriesville. West of it is the usual creek which rushes down to the Mohawk. From the knoll a superb view up and down the river is obtained, picturesque indeed, but in those days useful for people who were always on the lookout for the approach of an enemy. About a quarter of a mile away in a thick clump of stunted pine there are said to be Indian graves. Their proximity to an old and now dilapidated little cemetery belonging to a family that had settled there many years ago may have given rise to this impression. That is immaterial. About the situation of the Indian village there is no doubt whatever.

We took our last look at this holy place and turned our face to the Mohawk. We were desirous of returning home by the northern side of the river. But how cross the river? As an example of the way in which primitive conditions may still linger, even in such advanced centres of civilization as the Empire State possesses, you drive your weary horses down through the mud and rain to the river bank. The night is coming on and you cannot attract the attention of the man on the other side who owns a flat-boat, as level as a floor, with no rail or guard about it. On a withered branch of a tree hangs a horn, and you toot and toot until the man, who has to flag a train, descends in the pelting rain and, by means of a cable flung across the stream, ferries himself over to where you are waiting. If you are not afraid that your frightened and prancing steeds will plunge overboard, carriage and all, which just fits on this raft, you will make up your mind to cross in this primitive fashion. It is well to stand at the horses' heads and pet and coax them, as the ropes swish past them, or the eddies in the river make them start aside, and finally you will reach the muddy bank beyond and thank the Lord you had not to pay more dearly than the ferriage for your temerity. The roads are good on the shore you have reached, and you will speed home-

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ward quicker, although you have a journey of thirteen miles before you in the dark, three of which are along the narrow tow-path of the canal, with an occasional break in the bank to warn you of a possible wreck at the journey's end. The darkness, of course, might have been avoided by starting out earlier, but in any case, the physical features of the journey will ever remain in one's memory replete with the loftiest spiritual inspirations.

DEATH OF FATHER DANIEL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

NOT to interrupt the course of this narrative we have omitted certain facts which, on account of their importance, we ought to recall here.

The death of Louis XIII and of his minister, the Cardinal de Richelieu, did not change the dispositions of the government of the metropolis in favor of the Canadian Colony. The Queen Regent Anne of Austria openly proclaimed herself its protectress, and one of her first acts was to send to the Baron de Renty, protector of the Company of Montreal, a large sum of money to help the infant Church in Canada. She also sent two small pieces of cannon in the name of the king, her son. Finally she despatched to Quebec a company of sixty soldiers, raised and equipped at her own expense, with orders to establish them in the different posts of the country. Le Sieur de la Barre, a hypocrite, who concealed under an appearance of virtue a life of immorality, arrived with this reinforcement in the course of the summer of 1644, and twenty-two of these soldiers as soon as they were landed were sent to St. Mary of the Hurons, where their simple presence stopped the Iroquois invasion and preserved the country from total ruin. Again the following year, immediately after the conclusion of peace, they returned to Quebec loaded with peltries, the price of which amounted to thirty or forty thousand francs.

We call attention to this last fact because it occurs now for the first time in the annals of the Colony, and marks a profound change in the administration of its commercial affairs.

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In fact the Company of One Hundred Associates had just ceded the trade to the inhabitants on condition of an annual tribute, besides all the burdens which the decree of the colonial foundation had already imposed. The inhabitants who were established at Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal had in each of these forts a Syndic, who was entrusted with the care of their several interests.

This concession of the privilege of trading to the colonists was the signal for changes in the general government of the colony. A council was created, composed of the Governor-General who was at Quebec, of the Superior of the Mission, and of the subordinate Governor of Montreal. This council regulated all matters of police, commerce and war. The commander of the fleet as well as the Syndics took part in these councils, but the Syndics could discuss only matters which related to their special community, and the General of the fleet what concerned his particular office. The Governor-General presided and had the casting vote. Later in 1648 considerable modifications were made in this arrangement, the number of members being increased to five and sometimes to seven when the Governors of Montreal and Three Rivers happened to be at Quebec on the day of meeting.

The Council of Three was hardly organized when M. de Montmagny was recalled to France and was succeeded on the 20th of August, 1648, by M. d'Ailleboust.

M. de Montmagny took his departure with the regrets of the entire colony. For the twelve years that he was charged with the affairs of Canada he had learned all its needs and resources. He knew the dangers it had to fear, the hopes it could entertain, the measures that were necessary for its defence. Having received the young colony from the hands of Champlain he had governed and directed it with all the devotion of a father. Carefully following the line marked out by his predecessor he strove to found the colony on the only basis which can make a state secure, namely, religion and honesty. With very feeble resources he succeeded in averting the dangers that menaced the colony, especially with regard to the Iroquois. During the whole course of his administration

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he never ceased to show a prudence and a courage which inspired the colonists with confidence and held the savages in awe. He possessed to a lofty degree that persevering energy which never wavers in the face of difficulties. After having done the honors of an official reception to his successor he laid down his authority and assisted the new comer with his counsel and advice. "Ailleboust," says Charlevoix, "was a good man, religious and well meaning." He had commanded at Montreal in the absence of Maisonneuve, and completed the fortifications of the place. He knew the country, he loved it, and was not lacking in those qualities which in ordinary times would have made him a good Governor. Unhappily for him he was entrusted with the care of the entire country at the most critical moment, just when the war was rekindled between the Iroquois and the Hurons.

Determined to strike a decisive blow, the Tonnontouans had centered a great part of their forces in the tribe of the Neuter Nation, and six weeks after the installation of the new Governor they had passed the frontier which separated the Neuters from the Huron Nation. This quick stroke had for its purpose to defeat the treaty which was being prepared between the Hurons, the Onandagos and the Andastes as well as to surprise the Hurons by a general massacre. The missionaries were as much in the dark about it all as were the savages.

The mission then counted eighteen Fathers, three of whom lived at St. Mary's, three who were employed among the Algonquins, four among the Petuns and eight in the different residences of the Huron country. They had at their service four coadjutor brothers besides twenty-four devoted Frenchmen, who were either domestics, donnés or soldiers.

After the death of Father Jogues a great movement in the conversion of the Indians was marked in all the centres of the mission, and the fervor of the neophytes was everywhere most ardent and sincere. Father Ragueneau, Superior of the Mission, wanted to be assured of the fact and made a visit to all the Huron churches. On his return he wrote thus to Father Jerome Lalemant: "I never would have believed that I could

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have seen after fifty years of labor the tenth part of the piety, virtue and holiness which I witnessed everywhere in my visits to these churches. They have far surpassed all my hopes. The greater part of these people, even the fiercest among them, show themselves so docile and submissive to the teaching of the gospel that it appears that the angels must have been working among them."

Such was, towards the middle of 1648, the condition of the Huron Mission when, on the 4th of July, at sunrise, the cry "to arms" rang through the settlement of St. Joseph, where about four hundred families had been gathered quite close to the frontier. Father Daniel had just finished Mass, and the faithful assembled in the chapel were reciting the morning prayers. The enemy, who were not then suspected of being on the warpath, had crept up in the night and were now attacking the palisades. The alarm was general. Some were overcome with terror, while others marched boldly towards the enemy. Unhappily the latter were few in number, for the best warriors were out on a hunting expedition.

While all this was going on at the palisades Father Daniel went from cabin to cabin baptizing the catechumens and absolving the neophytes. Then he returned to the chapel where the greater number of the old men, women and children were gathered to receive either general absolution or baptism by aspersion.

The warriors came in soon and gave the sad news that the palisades had been thrown down and the Iroquois were inside the enclosure, and in the midst of fire and blood the foe were advancing to the chapel. Already their frightful yells and war whoops were heard. "Fly, my brethren," said Father Daniel to his Christians; "fly, and carry with you your faith to the day of your death. As for me, I must remain here as long as there is any soul to gain for heaven. If I die to save you my life is of little account; we shall meet in heaven;" and pointing out the road by which they could still escape he cried to them, "Fly, the road is still clear."

As for himself, in order to stop the approach of the enemy and to give his Christians as much time to escape as possible,

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he issued from the chapel and advanced alone to meet the Iroquois. Astounded they stopped for a moment, but recovering from their surprise they overwhelmed him with a shower of arrows and finished their work by a musket shot; and then, falling upon his corpse, they stripped it, soaked their hands in his blood, and setting fire to the chapel they flung into the flames the mangled body of the servant of God. This heroic victim of charity died with the name of Jesus Christ on his lips. His death prevented the massacre of some hundreds of Hurons, who found shelter at St. Mary's among the other Christians.

The victors left St. Joseph's carrying with them seven hundred prisoners, many of whom were slain on the road. Before leaving they set fire to all the cabins, and from thence betook themselves to St. Michael's, which they gave up to pillage and to the flames.

Father Daniel was the first Jesuit who won the crown of martyrdom in the Huron country. He had worked there for fourteen years, the first nine of which he had passed in the settlements which were most exposed to the attacks of the enemy. He was a missionary of exceptional power. His Superior assures us, in a private letter to the General of the Society, "He was humble, obedient, united with God in prayer, possessed of a patience that defied every trial, and a courage that was balked by no obstacle; he was greatly esteemed by the Fathers and loved by the Indians, and burned with the most ardent desire to give his life for his flock. He appeared twice after his death, surrounded with glory, to Father Chaumonot. Another time, when the Fathers were gathered in council at St. Mary's treating of the affairs of the missions, he appeared among them, directed their plans and animated them with the divine spirit with which he himself was filled.

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THE VEN. VINCENT PALLOTTI.

THE founder of the Society of Pious Missions, some members of which are known to our readers as the clergy attached to the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in New York, was a man of singular virtue and extraordinary sanctity. Born at Rome in 1795, the scion of an ancient and noble family, the child of devout, one might almost say saintly, parents, Vincent Pallotti, from his very infancy, understood and took delight in divine things. In his earliest childhood he manifested the utmost horror of sin, and is said never to have sullied his baptismal innocence. He rarely joined in the games of other children, preferring to remain alone, amusing himself with decking little altars or giving religious instruction and sage advice to his younger brothers and sisters. When he was seven years old he was confirmed, and on that day his godfather presented him with a piece of gold. The child asked what he should do with it, and the donor, to see what he would do, rejoined: "Throw it into the mud." Without a moment's hesitation Vincent obeyed, thus foreshadowing his future contempt for earthly riches, as well as exhibiting the spirit of obedience which was later on a marked feature in his teaching and practice.

Towards his parents and teachers he was a model of docility and respectful obedience; his confessor frequently told his father: "You have a saint for your son. I can detect no fault, not even the slightest venial sin in him." Vincent alone considered himself to be a great sinner; he inflicted upon his innocent body mortifications and penances so severe as to be almost incredible in one so young. A child in years, in virtue an adult, he early began to exercise his apostolic zeal. When in the holidays his parents migrated to their country house at Frascati, Vincent would go amongst the laborers in the fields explaining the catechism to them, reciting the Rosary with them or teaching them simple prayers. Of an evening he visited the cottages, distributing to the sick or aged the delicacies which had been given to him at dessert as his portion, and not unfrequently stripping himself of a part of his clothing to sup-

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ply the needs of others. Later on, when he no longer lived under the parental roof, many a time his own meals, as well as his own clothes, passed into the possession of the poor.

When Vincent left school he went to the Roman College to study the humanities. He was not naturally quick at learning, and one of the professors remarked that it seemed a pity, though the boy was certainly a saint, that he was so much the reverse of clever. Thereupon, by his pious mother's advice, Vincent made a novena to the Holy Spirit, and at the end a cloud seemed to be rolled away from his mental faculties; from that time forward he made rapid and easy progress in his studies, outstripping all his fellow-students. He passed his examinations later on in philosophy and theology with brilliant success, became an excellent Greek scholar, and in the interests of theology acquired a knowledge of several Oriental languages. While in the Roman college he gained many prizes, but his humility induced him to tell no one of this, not even his parents. The books were accidentally found in his library; the gold and silver medals awarded him he sold, giving the proceeds to the poor.

The curriculum of study ended, Vincent, a youth of sixteen, entering upon the world, had to decide upon his future career. Although the state of Rome was at that period one of desolation, the city being overrun by the victorious troops of Napoleon I, while the Head of the Church, Pius VII, in ignominious captivity at Savona, and many palaces and mansions standing deserted, yet not a few attractive paths to fortune and fame were open to a young man of talent, wealth and high social standing. But no prospects of earthly distinction possessed allurements for Vincent; he felt himself called to follow the evangelical counsels, and desired to become a Capuchin. His confessor, however, dissuaded him from entering the cloister on account of his weak health, and advised him to become a secular priest. This Vincent, after long deliberation, determined to do, and began immediately to prepare himself for the reception of Holy Orders with great fervor and anxious care.

On the 16th of May, 1818, having obtained the necessary

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dispensation, as he was only twenty-three years of age, he was admitted to the priesthood, and on the following day the feast of the Holy Trinity, he celebrated his first Mass at Frascati, where his family was residing. With trembling joy and fear, joy on account of the exalted privilege accorded to him, fear on account of his unworthiness for the holiest, highest office of man on earth, he offered the holy mysteries, at the same time offering himself as a holocaust for the service of God and the salvation of souls. This fervor and devotion, far from diminishing as years went on, grew and deepened. Those who heard his Mass said that at the altar he appeared more like a seraph than a mortal man.

At the period of which we are speaking many priests in Italy, especially in Rome and Naples, who had private means of their own, used to live at home, devoting their time, after saying Mass, to prayer and study, but taking no active part in the care of souls. Thus Vincent Pallotti continued to live with his parents, declining the benefices and canonries offered him and accepting only a professorship in the Roman university. This post he held until his mother's death in 1827, shortly after which he relinquished it, in order to devote himself entirely to the work of the apostolate. He was then thirty-three years of age. At the request of the King of Naples he undertook the charge of the small and poor church of Santo Spirito, the national church of the Neapolitans residing in Rome, a most unattractive post, one, however, which not only gave him ample scope for the exercise of his zeal, but afforded him, as he probably foresaw, an opportunity of practising some of the most difficult of christian virtues—forbearance, self-denial, charity to one's enemies.

When, in a short time, religion revived in that quarter of the city, the neglected church was thronged with devout worshippers, hardened sinners were brought to repentance, and crowds flocked to Father Pallotti's confessional. His health, always frail, broke down at this time, so that he was temporarily compelled to desist from his labors.

Meanwhile Cardinals, Prelates, heads of Religious Houses, came to the lowly priest for confession and counsel. His re-

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nown spread even beyond the precincts of the Eternal City, and strangers arriving in Rome sought him out as the holiest and most able of confessors. A young seminarist from St. Sulpice, who came to Rome to complete his studies, gives the following account of his first interview with the servant of God: "On inquiring for Don Pallotti, I was directed to a narrow street behind the Neapolitan church, where stood a house of very humble appearance, before the door of which a Cardinal's carriage was waiting. I ascended the stairs to the second story, and was ushered into a tolerably spacious room, round the walls of which wooden benches were placed; between the two windows a life-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin, by no means a finished work of art, dominated the apartment. Before this statue Cardinal Lambruschini, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, was kneeling on a prie-dieu, with his attendant priest, reciting the breviary until his turn should come. Excepting a few pictures in wooden frames, the room was, as far as I remember, devoid of all other furniture or ornament.

"When my turn came I passed through a door on the opposite side into the chamber where Pallotti, in stole and cotta, seated beside a prie-dieu, heard the confessions of all who came to him. While he glanced at the letter of introduction I handed to him, I was able to take note of his person. He was short of stature and stooped slightly. But for a fringe of fair hair, already almost gray, his head was bald, showing a well-developed forehead, white as ivory. His features were well cut, his eyes large and bright; their expression was one of tender kindness and charity. When I knelt to kiss his hand, the customary manner of saluting a priest in Italy, I observed that he adroitly slipped a small silver reliquary, on which a Madonna and Child were painted, down his sleeve, so that it was the picture one kissed, not his hand. This, I learnt, was his constant habit, so that no one ever touched his hand with their lips."

The acquaintance thus commenced ripened into friendship; the seminarist, Paul de Geslin, afterwards became a prominent member of the Society of Pious Missions. He has recorded

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many traits illustrative of his superior's characteristic virtues, and instances of the wonderful gift of penetration which the servant of God possessed, whereby he was enabled to recount to hardened sinners all the transgressions whereof they had been guilty in the past; of his success in softening the hearts of the obdurate and in consoling and relieving the doubting penitent.

We will give one instance out of many of the power wielded by this man of prayer. A young man, young in years but old in sin, lay on his deathbed. He scoffed at religion and his hatred of priests was so great that he kept a loaded pistol under his pillow, ready to shoot any minister of God who should venture into his presence. One evening the father of the unhappy man went to Don Pallotti and told him with tears of his son's condition. The servant of God accompanied him to his home, but the mother of the dying man, much as she deplored her son's state of mind and the iniquity of his past life, would not suffer the priest to risk his life by entering the room where he lay. "Poor soul!" said Pallotti. "Well, you must dress me up in something." The woman brought him one of her gowns, which he put on; a handkerchief was then tied round his head to look like a cap.

Thus disguised, he was introduced into the sick room, under the pretext that the mother needing rest, had got an old nurse to sit up with her son that night. No one could have recognized in the comical figure the well-known priest, who, after managing to slip his picture of the Madonna under the sufferer's pillow, seated himself in a corner, and repeated in a low voice the exorcisms wherewith he was accustomed to banish evil spirits. He then fervently implored the divine assistance, and going up to the bed, removed the pistol, and disclosed his identity. So forcibly did he speak to the young man's heart, that his defiance broke down. With humility and compunction and deep self-abasement he confessed the sins of his past life and made his peace with God. The next morning, his mother on entering the room, found her son holding a crucifix in one hand, in the other grasping the hand of the priest, who presently brought him the viaticum, for which he

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had already prepared him. He visited the patient daily until his death, which occurred shortly after.

An amusing incident narrated by Paul de Geslin, illustrates the ingenuity of the servant of God in making the most insignificant things serve his single aim, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. One day De Geslin, having read a letter he had just received, was about to throw it, envelope and all, into the fire.

"Stop, my child," Vincent said to him, "I think you are going to throw away paper that might be useful."

"It is only a note, Father," Paul replied, "I have already read it."

"Very well," Vincent rejoined, with his gentle smile, "but all of it need not be destroyed."

"Of what value is a scrap of paper, dear Father?"

"You may think it valueless," Pallotti contiuued, "but it is not entirely so, and we must not destroy anything that might be of the least use. We must imitate our Father in Heaven, who, though He is infinitely rich and almighty, makes every thing He has created of service, if only a drop of water, that may quench a bird's thirst, or revive a drooping flower. Our Lord also taught us the same lesson when after the miraculous multiplication of the loaves, He who could feed five thousand with a word, caused the fragments to be gathered up that nothing should be lost: *colligite fragmenta*, for our instruction."

"That is very true in regard to bread," Paul ventured to urge, "but, Father, a scrap of paper?"

Pallotti continued, "Yes, a scrap of paper is of worth, however trifling, and in obedience to our Lord, tear off the clean page. The letter must be burned, as its contents are for you alone; put the other part into the wastepaper basket."

Paul obeyed, out of respect to his master, who, after a pause, resumed: "It strikes me that as the basket is full, we had better call in the rag-collector, if you see one pass."

A *chiffonnier* was soon found, who gave a few halfpence for the contents of the well-filled basket. Pallotti then proposed to his companion that they should go together to the hospital

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he daily visited, and they both left the house, reciting the rosary as they passed through the street. At a confectioner's shop he paused, and entering, purchased with the halfpence he had just received a few sweet cakes, which he put into his pocket.

Scarcely had they crossed the threshold of the principal ward of the hospital, when one of the nurses hastened to Pallotti, saying: "Your Reverence, there is one of the cases, No. 15, in urgent need of your aid; he will certainly not live through the night. If one speaks to him about confession, he utters a volley of oaths, for he is quite conscious; the patients in the next beds to his hold their ears, his language is so dreadful."

"We must pray for him, my children," Vincent answered, "we must pray right earnestly; God is omnipotent, and He desires the rescue of this soul even more than we do."

Thereupon they betook themselves to the chapel, and in a short time returned to the ward. Paul de Geslin stationed himself at a distance, to observe how his superior would tackle the formidable No. 15. But Pallotti's method of procedure was not what he expected: he began to talk to one of the patients not in the immediate proximity of the blasphemer, casting now and again stealthy glances in his direction. As soon as No. 15 became aware of the presence of a priest, his countenance assumed a diabolical expresssion of hatred, and he murmured curses between his teeth. Finding however that no notice was taken of him, he presently turned wearily on his pillow and closed his eyes. Instantly Pallotti stepped noiselessly up to his side, and when the sick man again opened his eyes, he met the steady gaze of the priest fixed on him, while the sign of the cross was made over him. It was a terrible moment; Paul de Geslin held his breath; the sufferer transported with fury glared at his visitor, gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth, and had his strength not failed him, he would certainly have sprung upon him and throttled him. He opened his lips to utter horrible imprecations, but quick as thought, Pallotti took from his pocket one of the little cakes, and slipped it into the man's mouth, saying in the kindest

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manner: "*Mangia, figlio, che ti farà bene.* Eat that, my son, it will do you good."

The oaths were stopped but not the rage of the sufferer; yet Pallotti gained time to say a few words, reminding him that he must soon appear before his judge, and that by his blasphemies he injured his own soul, not God and the saints. The biscuit was swallowed, and fresh curses rose to the sinner's lips, when another was slipped between them, and a second time silence imposed: This was repeated several times, Pallotti meanwhile imploring him with tears to think of his soul, and commanding the malign spirit to depart in the name of God. He held his beloved picture of the Blessed Virgin before the sinner's eyes, he placed the crucifix on his pallid lips. Finally grace prevailed, though the struggle was protracted; the voice long trained to cursing, repeated falteringly an act of contrition, large tears rolled down his cheeks, he humbly kissed the cross. The servant of God immediately put on his stole, and bending over the dying man, helped him to make his confession. Then he administered the viaticum to him, and anointed him. Before nightfall he expired, with every sign of contrition, and fully resigned to die; his last words were: "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, assist me in my last agony!"

Pallotti said a *De Profundis* beside the body; when the sheet was drawn over the livid features of the departed, he rose from his knees, and on rejoining his companion, remarked with a smile: "There is now a soul in purgatory who this morning little expected to go there. You see, my son, the use that can be made of old scraps of paper."

It was early intimated to him by God that he was destined to found a congregation of missioners for the revival of the faith amongst negligent Catholics, and the dispersion of the religion of Christ amongst heretics and unbelievers. Indeed, he felt the need of zealous, well-trained co-operators whilst carrying on with indefatigable energy the work of the Apostolate in Rome and its environs. An unexpected incident led to the formation of the society known to us as that of the Pallottine Fathers.

One day, towards the close of the year 1834, one of Don

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Pallotti's penitents, a simple pious man, told him he had been much impressed by a sermon he had heard from a missionary lately returned from Arabia, dwelling on the great need of missions to that country. "I have a proposal to make to your Reverence," the man said, "that we should have St. Alphonsus's *Way of Salvation* printed in Arabic, and sent to that benighted land." Pallotti reminded him that the translating and printing would cost a great deal, but to this the man replied that he would make a collection from house to house, asking for a contribution in his Reverence's name. "Not in my name," Pallotti answered, "but if you like to make the attempt, do so in the name of Jesus Christ."

The man started immediately on the quest, and in half an hour returned, his pockets full of money, which he poured out on the table; coins of every size and value, which when counted, were found to amount to the sum of 15,000 francs, ($3,000) affording clear proof of the love and esteem felt for the servant of God by all classes in Rome. A committee of priests and laymen was called to decide upon the manner of spending the money; the *Way of Salvation* was printed in Arabic, the remainder of the collection being devoted to printing religious pamphlets for distribution among the ignorant Italian peasantry. This committee became a permanent institution, under the name of the society of the Catholic Apostolate, and was the germ of the Congregation to which at a later period Pius IX gave the appellation of *Pià Societas missionum.*

The formation of this society was a long and difficult task. It consists of three classes: Priests living in community and devoted to active work for souls both at home and abroad; Sisters who consecrate themselves to the education of heathen girls in foreign missions; and a third class, embracing all members of the clergy and laity who pledge themselves to promote the object of the institution, and who thereby share in the indulgences accorded to it. In solitude and seclusion Pallotti spent many months in framing the rules and constitutions for his future subjects. During that time our Lady appeared to him promising him her gracious favors. Not until 1846 was

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the Rule, already tested by practice, submitted to the Holy See, and approved by the Supreme Pontiff.

Pallotti was extremely careful in the reception of postulants, and at the outset the number of members was very small. "I have few," he would say, "but they are men of sterling worth. St. Francis Xavier was alone, and he converted 10,000 heathens." His discrimination was very great, and his kindness and consideration not less. When compelled to dismiss a novice, he invariably provided him with a suitable situation in the world. Although he could be severe when necessary, Pallotti avoided if possible giving a reprimand.

Poverty was strictly enforced in the congregation; Pallotti desired that his followers should subsist on alms. In all embarrassments or difficulties his maxim was: *fiducia et oratione*, and indeed countless times during his life his confidence and prayer proved all-powerful.

Space forbids us to mention severally the virtues in which this saintly priest set a bright example to his community, or to enlarge upon his filial devotion, his tender love for the Mother of God, whose image he always carried about with him, and with which he worked many miracles. Of this picture he caused copies to be made, giving one to every missioner whom he sent out, and telling them that from his own experience, no theme was so efficacious for touching the hearts of sinners as that of the glory, the power, the loving kindness of Mary.

We must now turn to the closing scenes of Vincent Pallotti's life. The Feast of the Epiphany, on which the vocation of the heathen to the faith of Christ is commemorated, has long been celebrated in Rome with special solemnity. Don Pallotti conceived the design of giving a yearly mission during the octave of the festival to persons of all classes and nationalities, his idea being to bring together Christians of all nations round the crib of the world's Redeemer. Sermons were to be preached and confessions heard in all European languages, and the holy sacrifice offered according to the Syro-Chaldaic and Greek as well as the Roman rite.

This mission, held for the first time in 1836, proved most successful, the concourse of people being so great that it had to

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be transferred in succeeding years to a larger and more central church than that of Santo Spirito. The mission was usually closed by a cardinal, who, while preaching, held in his arms Don Pallotti's favorite image of the Infant Jesus, and with it gave the final benediction. In January, 1850, Don Pallotti, contrary to his custom, preached the opening discourse. Never had the church been so crowded, never before were the confessions and communions so numerous. He also gave the benediction at the close of the mission, though his strength was failing fast. On going down to the sacristy he said to the priests who pressed round him to congratulate him: "Next year you will have to do all yourselves." He returned home wearied out and chilled to the bone. The weather was cold and rainy, and he had given his cloak to a mendicant. On the following morning he said Mass at the chapel of a religious house. When he left he said to the superior: "This is the last time of my coming; we shall not meet again." For two more days, in spite of increasing illness, he persisted in visiting the sick and receiving the numerous applicants who came to him to solicit temporal relief or spiritual aid. Then a sharp attack of pleurisy and fever compelled him to give in. Patient and resigned as ever, he complied with all the physician's wishes, though he knew full well the remedies would be ineffectual. In prophetic view he had for some months past foreseen the hour of his death, and the last enemy had no terrors for him. On the 22d of January, the eve of our Lady's espousals, he seemed in an ecstasy, his countenance shining as if a foretaste of future glory were granted him. Prematurely aged by labors and austerities, his bent and emaciated form and silvery locks gave him the appearance of having borne the weight of far more than his fifty-four years of life. As he lay on his straw pallet, surrounded by his priests and scholars, they entreated him with tears not to leave them orphans, but to ask God to spare him to them for a few more years. "Not so, dear children," he replied; "let me go whither our Lord calls me. To-morrow a happy feast will be kept in heaven. Fear not; our congregation will last; it will be blest by God." He then gave them his final blessing, and before the last words were uttered he calmly expired.

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This brief sketch cannot be concluded better than by quoting the words of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII:

"I knew Don Pallotti well in my younger days, and not only heard from others of his wonderful activity, but witnessed it myself. So high was the esteem in which I held him that immediately after his death, at the time when I was Bishop of Perugia, I caused a bust of this saintly priest to be sculptured for me and placed it in my ante-room. Every morning, as I passed out on my way to the chapel, I besought him to obtain for me the divine assistance that I might make a good preparation before celebrating Holy Mass."

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

THE SYRIAN CHURCH OF MALABAR.

BOTH history and tradition attest that St. Thomas the Apostle came to India in 52 A. D., founded a church in Malabar and suffered a martyr's death at Mailapur, near the modern city of Madras. This old Christian community of Malabar is known to the world as "Christians of St. Thomas," and Mailapur, the place where the Apostle suffered martyrdom, is called "St. Thomas' Mount"; and in its neighborhood the tomb of the Apostle is still frequented by thousands of pilgrims. The apostolic origin of this church is firmly believed by all the Syrian Christians and clearly asserted by the early Fathers of the Universal Church; several old liturgies and martyrologies of the East and West speak of St. Thomas in India. There are seven oratories or churches in Malabar founded by St. Thomas, and there exist also some well-known Brahmin families converted to the faith by the Apostle.

St. Thomas had ordained priests and bishops who, after the Apostle's death, carried on the ministry of this church up to the fourth century by succession. But in the fourth century, on account of a severe persecution by the surrounding heathens, the church was left without a pastor. Then, by Divine Providence, a certain wealthy merchant of Canan, named Thomas Cana, trading on the coast of Malabar, became acquainted

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with this church, and in the year 345 he brought to this afflicted community a good supply, *i. e.*, a colony of 400 Christians of Syro-Chaldean rite from Bagdad, Ninive and Jerusalem, among whom was Mar Joseph, Bishop of Edessa, with several priests and deacons. About this time the body, or a part of the body of St. Thomas, was carried from Mailapur to Edessa. From the time of the said immigration the Malabar church was on a firmer footing. The Christians, headed by Thomas Cana, obtained high privileges in this country from Cheraman-Perumal, the ruler of Malabar. This Syrian community, which is mainly composed of the Brahmin converts made by St. Thomas and of the immigrants from Mesopotamia, is highly honored by the rulers and people of Malabar. But from the time of this immigration up to the Synod of Diamper in 1599, the Bishops for this church were sent from Babylon and Persia, as this church formed part of the Syro-Chaldean church in Mesopotamia and Persia.

After the arrival of the Portuguese, in the fifteenth century, or, rather, after the Synod of Diamper, in 1599, the Syrian church of Malabar has undergone many changes with regard to its government and liturgy. For the Portuguese who claimed monopoly of the churches in India tried to get possession of this primitive and apostolic church. They succeeded in their long-contemplated project by the Synod convoked at Diamper. With this Synod begins a series of Portuguese Bishops in this purely oriental church. It is said by the Portuguese historians and those who follow them, that the Syrian church of Malabar was converted from Nestorian heresy by means of the Synod held at Diamper. But the fact is not so. A long time before this Synod, the church of Malabar was in Catholic union and was governed by good Catholic Bishops, Mar Jacob, Mar Joseph and Mar Abraham, of whom the two last were sent to Malabar by the celebrated Chaldean patriarch, Ebedjesus, who attended the Council of Trent. St. Francis Xavier, in his letters to the King of Portugal, praised Mar Jacob as a virtuous and holy man. Pope Pius V deemed Mar Joseph worthy of a Cardinal's hat, but the premature death of the latter prevented him from being made a Cardinal. Pope

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Gregory XIII ordered the Syrian Christians to obey Mar Abraham, their Archbishop at Angemale. And we see this Mar Abraham admit many Jesuits to teach in his diocese, and convoke a diocesan Synod in 1583, in which he made profession of Catholic faith and published the decrees of the Council of Florence. And after his death Pope Clement VIII makes mention of him as "*bonæ memoriæ.*"

The series of Portuguese Bishops did not last for a long time. For the Syrians, disgusted with their Portuguese rulers, made a strong revolt in 1653. Only 400 out of the 200,000 Syrians remained with the Archbishop, Francis Garcia, S.J.; all the rest turned schismatics. Pope Alexander VII hearing of this disorder sent the barefooted Carmelites to call back the schismatics to Catholic union. After the arrival of the Carmelites in 1657, a Jacobite bishop, named Mar Gregory, was sent to Malabar in 1665 by the Jacobite patriarch of Antioch; and a party of the schismatics joined him. Thus the Jacobite heresy got a footing on the Indian soil. The Carmelites succeeded in their mission until they became practically the only masters of this church for about three centuries. But in 1887 Pope Leo XIII, at the constant and earnest prayers of the Catholic Syrians, separated the Syrian Christians from the jurisdiction of the Carmelite Bishops of Verapoly, and gave them two Latin Vicars Apostolic in Mgr. Lavigne, S.J. stationed at Kottayam, and in Mgr. Medlycott stationed at Trichur.

But this arrangement lasted only till 1896, when the oft-repeated request of the Syrians to have Bishops of their own nationality was at last granted by Rome. Now they are under their own Bishops, Mgr. John Menachery, Vicar Apostolic of Trichur, Mgr. Aloysius Pareparambil, Vicar Apostolic of Ernakulam, and Mgr. Matthew Makil, Vicar Apostolic of Changanacherry. As it is evident, a perfect hierarchy is not yet established. We have every reason to hope that the glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII, to whom the St. Thomas Christians are ever thankful, will complete the work started by His Holiness himself.

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The religious life is also flourishing among these Christians. There are eleven monasteries of the native Syrian Carmelite Fathers. There are also twelve convents of native Syrian nuns of different orders, namely : nine of Carmelites, two of Clarists, and one of Visitandines.

The statistics of the three Vicariates Apostolic of Trichur, Ernakulam and Changanacherry are as follows :

Vicariate Apostolic.	Catholics.	Churches and Chapels.	Schools.	Pupils.	Native Priests.
Trichur.	91,787	81	178	8,588	76
Ernakulam.	86,986	100	159	7,684	115
Changanacherry.	140,272	151	423	15,328	274

Vicariate Apostolic.	Monasteries.	Monks.	Convents.	Nuns.	Members of Apostleship of Prayer.
Trichur.	3	35	2	30	——
Ernakulam.	4	20	4	71	4,297
Changanacherry.	4	50	6	61	——

J. K.

MISSION NOTES.

SLAVERY IN WEST AFRICA.

The provinces of Northern Nigeria are supposed to depend upon the Sultan of Sokoto ; but war is almost continual between them and between the Sultan and his Emirs. The purpose is nearly always to obtain slaves. A traveller lately passed through a territory of 5,000 square miles, and found it entirely laid waste ; the villages were in ruins, the fields overgrown with brushwood and the inhabitants dead or dispersed. A Mahometan Emir, finding the tribute which he exacts from the natives insufficient, sends his soldiers to seize all the women and carry them off.

Some time ago one of those Moslem tyrants sent his soldiers d[illegible]t to attack a village of the native blacks. The [illegible]d in while their victims were sleeping, fired the

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huts and captured all who attempted to fly. The old were let go free ; but the young were bound together, and the infants placed in sacks. The captives, for two or three days, while yet near their native place, made frantic efforts to escape, and some succeeded, carrying their chains with them. Exhausted by hunger and fatigue, most of them soon died. When the rest of the captives arrived at their destination, they were separated at the choice of their captors, who, enclosing them in pens where they could not move, committed upon them the most cruel excesses.

The Catholic missionaries, wherever their resources are sufficient, are founding free villages or towns, where the captives, when delivered from the enslavers, are received. They are favored by the English military authorities, who have promised all the ground needed and protection when the places of refuge are prepared.

CENTRAL MADAGASCAR.

After great and fruitful labor of French Catholic missionaries, Madagascar was about to become, in 1847, a Protestant island, when the evangelization of it was confided to the Jesuits of the province of Toulouse. For fifteen years they had to labor in neighboring islands, the hostile Queen Ranavalona I forbidding their approach. Her death, in 1862, opened the way for the Catholic missionaries. Unimpeded for eighteen years, Protestantism had gained great influence. In 1869 it was made the official religion. An army of "evangelists" were spread over the island. The London Missionary Society announced in 1873 that there were 801 missionary stations and 531 schools, with 16,584 children.

In face of powerful hostile influences the Catholic mission, with little resources, fought an excellent battle. After thirty years of labor there were 443 stations, more than 20,000 children in the schools and 140,000 natives following the teaching of the Catholic missionaries. Under French influence progress was greater. Two new vicariates were created in the north and south, the Jesuits remaining in the centre. Works of beneficence began to spring up everywhere. Higher schools were opened for the children of Europeans ; Catholic associations were formed. The Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny multiplied their schools. The College of St. Michael in Tananarivo prepares its students for university examinations as in

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France. Hospitals and workshops have been erected. Father Beyzim, a Polish Jesuit, has voluntarily shut himself in with the lepers. Unfortunately, resources are not equal to the needs. The Protestant missions, with greater supplies of money, have excellent normal schools—real colleges, and very well furnished hospitals and dispensaries. The needs of Catholic normal schools may be realized by considering that there are over 2,000 male teachers employed in the missions.

WAR-WORN TRANSVAAL.

The Oblate missionary, Father Langouët, writes of the ill-starred, heroic land: "This stricken region, harassed with its three years' war, and whose sorrows have drawn to it all the eyes of European peoples, sees at last the close of a strife which demanded so much blood, caused woes so great, and occasioned heroism unparalleled. How many hearths are desolate! How many tears have loved ones shed! The names of the gallant dead will be repeated, their letters kept with sorrowing love. But the soldiers sleep beneath the grassy carpet of the desolate veldt, where their rosaries and scapulars moulder into their dust. For great numbers of those young soldiers came from Catholic Ireland; and before going to meet death, which they did with calmest courage, their earnest care was to prepare for it.

The present peace, for which men have paid so dearly, will, we trust, be very favorable for the missionary harvest. The Boer people, mingling frequently henceforward with Catholics, will lay aside ancient prejudices.

During these past years Apostolic work has been rendered difficult and painful in those wide regions of South Africa. The many Catholic soldiers in the British armies called for the exercise of a ministry which we could not refuse, in spite of the dangers coming incessantly, either from the events of the war itself, or from contagious diseases frequent amongst the troops. The necessity for the priests of the respective missions to bring the consolations of the Church to those poor men, and to accompany them on the march, hindered our ordinary missionary labors. On the other hand, the difficulty of communication owing to martial law, has forced us to leave many families altogether without the aid of our ministry. But we trust that all impediments will [illegible]moved, and that we shall be thus enabled to restore [illegible]aped up by the dreadful visitations of war.

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